



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

.....

BATHMENDI.

(Concluded.)

"YOU remember the fatal day in which we visited Abzim. This perfidious genius told me I might find Bathmendi, whom we all wished so much to meet, at court. I followed his fatal advice, and soon arrived at Ispahan. There I became acquainted with a young slave, who belonged to the mistress of the first secretary of the Grand Vizir. This slave loved me, and presented me to her mistress, who, finding me handsomer and younger than her lover, invited me to her house, and made me pass for her brother. She soon introduced me to the Vizir, and in a few days I obtained an employment in the palace.

I had only to pursue the path that had led me so high; and as the Sultan's mother was old and ugly, but enjoyed absolute sway, I took care assiduously to pay her my court. She distinguished me, and displayed as much friendship towards me as the slave and her mistress had formerly done. From

this instant honour and riches rained down upon me. The Sultana obliged the Sophi to give me all the gold of the treasury; all the dignities of the state. The monarch himself was graciously disposed towards me; he loved to converse with me, because I flattered with address, and my counsels were always in unison with his desires—These were the means I employed to make him do what I wished, which did not fail to happen. At the expiration of three years, I was at the same time first minister, and favourite of the king, beloved by his mother, and had the power of naming and changing the Vizirs. Nothing was decided without the sanction of my authority. Every morning all the nobility of the empire attended my levee, to obtain from me a smile of protection.

In the midst of my glory and success, I was astonished at not finding Bathmendi. This idea, and the hurried life I led, poisoned all my pleasures. The Sultana grew every day more capricious, as she descended into the vale of years. She often burst forth, without a cause, into violent fits of jealousy, loaded me with reproaches, and

finished with caresses still more fatiguing than her injuries. On the other side, my elevation drew around me a crowd of tiresome courtiers, and awoke enmity in the minds of thousands. For every favour I granted, one single mouth scarcely offered me thanks, while I was cursed by thousands. The generals I appointed, were defeated, and I bore the blame of their disasters. The king's good actions were solely his, but all his evil ones were placed to my account. I was detested by the people ; all the court held me in abhorrence ; numerous libels attacked my fame ; my master frowned on me ; the Sultana incessantly tormented me, and Bathmendi seemed to be still further than ever from my grasp.

The king's passion for a young Mingrilian, completed my misfortune. All the court looked up to her, hoping the mistress might, by her influence, turn out the minister. I parried the blow by uniting with her, and in flattering the king. But this passion became so violent, that he decided to espouse his mistress, and asked my advice. For some days my answers were evasive. The Sultana, fearing her power would end with her son's marriage, came and declared to me, that if I did not prevent their nuptials, she would have me murdered on the day of their celebration. An hour after, the Mingrilian came, and swore that if I did not oblige the king to marry her, I should be strangled the next day.

My situation was truly embarrassing ; I must chuse the dagger, the rope, or flight ; I embraced the latter. Disguised as you see, I escaped from the palace, with a few diamonds in my pocket, which will purchase me ease and convenience with you in some retired part of Indostan, far from Sultanas, Mingrilian favourites, and the splendid vanity of courts.

After this, Bekir related his adventures to Mesrou. They both agreed that it would have been as well if they had not entered the mazy paths of a capricious world, and that the wisest thing they could do, would be to return to their brother Selim, at Kousistan ; where Mesrou's diamonds would ensure them a comfortable subsistence. After this resolution, they began their journey, and travelled several days without meeting any adventure.

As they were traversing the province of Kousistan, they arrived at a little village, where they proposed to pass the night. It was a day of festivity ; on entering the village, they observed a number of rustic children walking, conducted by a schoolmaster of a very shabby appearance, and who, with his eyes bent to the ground, seemed wrapped in thought. On approaching and examining his features, what was their surprise ? It was Omir, their brother, whom they embraced. "What, my friend," exclaimed Bekir, "Oh, is it thus

genius is recompenced !" " You see," replied Omir, " valour meets with much the same reward ; but the philosopher finds greater subject for reflection, and that is some consolation." Saying this, he conducted the children home to their parents, and then led Bekir and Mesrou into his little cottage, and prepared with his own hands some rice for their supper ; and after having listened to his brother's adventures, he related his own in the following words :—

The genius Abzim, who I very much suspect to delight in mischief, advised me to seek this yet unfound Bathmendi among the wits and beauties, in the splendid city of Agra. I arrived there, and before I made myself known, I wished to complete a work that might make me enter the literary world with *eclat*. At the end of a month, my book appeared. It was a complete description of all human sciences, in a little volume, in 18mo, of sixty pages, divided into chapters ; each chapter contained a tale, and each tale taught a science.

My work met with prodigious success. Some critics, indeed, chose to say it was rather tedious, but all the first people purchased it, and this consoled me for what they had pleased to advance. I was sought after, and invited by all who thought themselves learned ; all I did was admirable ; none was spoken of but Omir ; I was court-

ed by every body ; and the favourite Sultana wrote me a note, without orthography, to beg I would visit the court.

Courage, thought I ; Abzim has not deceived me, my fame is at its height, I will support myself by means more secure than intrigue ; I will please, I will charm, and I shall find Bathmendi.

I met with a very gracious reception in the palace of the Great Mogul ; the favourite Sultana publicly declared herself my protectress, presented me to the Emperor, desired me to write verses, gave me a pension, admitted me to her supper parties, and swore to me a hundred times a-day, sentiments of friendship. On my side, I devoted my heart to unbounded gratitude, and promised to consecrate my days to sing and celebrate my benefactress. I composed a poem in her praise, in which the sun was but a false gem, compared to her eyes ; where the ivory, the coral, the finest pearls, were nothing beside her face, her lips, and her teeth. These crafty and delicate praises ensured me her support.

I fancied I almost beheld Bathmendi, when my protectress quarrelled with the vizir, because he refused to give the government of a province to the son of her confectioner. Enraged at his audacity, she asked the Emperor to banish the insolent minister, but the Emperor esteemed his Vizir, and

refused his favourite. Then it was necessary to form a regular plan of intrigue to overthrow the Vizir. I was of the plot, and received orders to compose an acrimonious satire. It is not difficult to write a satire—mine was soon completed, and tolerably good; it was read with avidity, which is always the case.

The Vizir soon discovered the author: he sought the favourite, presented her the government he had refused, and an order to receive a hundred thousand dariques from the royal treasury; and for all this only asked her permission to condemn me to a death by hunger in a dungeon. "It is a trifle," answered the favourite, "I am too happy in being able to oblige you. I will, if you wish, immediately send for that insolent wretch, who has dared to insult you, notwithstanding my express orders to the contrary, and I will deliver him into your hands." Happily, a slave who was present, came and apprized me of my danger, I had only time to escape. Since that period, I have traversed Indostan, scarcely gaining a subsistence, by writing romances and verses for booksellers, who cheated me, and were more severe on my talents than their own consciences, and even would not allow that my style possessed merit; when I had money, my writings were sublime—no sooner was I in poverty, than I wrote nothing but nonsense. At last, disgusted and tired of enlight-

ening the world, I have preferred teaching peasants to read; I established myself in this village, where I eat brown bread, without any hope of finding Bathmendi.

"Leaving it, and returning with us to our native village, depends entirely upon you," said Mesrou, "where some diamonds I take with me will ensure ease and comfort." They easily prevailed on Omir to accompany them, and the next day the three brothers left the village, and took the road of Kousistan.

After journeying for a few days, they approached the habitation of Selim: the idea of seeing him gave them hope, but that hope was not unmixed with fear.

"Shall we find our brother, we left him very poor; how could he have met with Bathmendi, since he did not seek him?" said Omir; "I have deeply reflected on that Bathmendi whom Abzim mentioned to us, and truly I suspect the genius only meant to laugh at us. Bathmendi does not exist, and has never existed; for since Bekir did not find him when he commanded the Persian army; since Mesrou never heard of him when he was the favourite of the great king; since I could not even guess who he was, when fortune and glory showered down their favours upon me, it is plain that Bathmendi is an imaginary being, a chimera, after which all men run, because they are all fond of running."

He was going to prove that Bathmendi was not an inhabitant of this world, when suddenly a band of robbers rushed from the rocks, surrounded the travellers, and commanded them to give up all they had. Bekir wished to resist, but four of the villains presented their daggers, and took every thing from him, scarcely leaving enough of clothes to cover him, while their comrades did the same to Mesrou. After this ceremony, which was the affair of a moment, the chief wished them a good journey, and departed.

"This proves the truth of my reasoning," said Omir, "looking at his brothers. "Ah! the villains," exclaimed Bekir, "they have torn my sword from me." "Ah! my poor diamonds," sighed Mesrou.

It was now night, and the unfortunate brothers hastened to gain Selim's house; they soon arrived, and the sight of it filled their eyes with tears; all their fears recommenced, and they dared not knock. While they were balancing, Bekir perceived a hole in the window-shutter, and got upon a large stone and looked in. In a room very neatly furnished, he discovered Selim, seated at table, surrounded by twelve children, who were eating, laughing, and chattering; on his right sat Amina, who was cutting the food of her youngest child; and on his left was a little old man, of a very mild and pleasing counte-

nance, who was filling a glass for Selim. At this spectacle Bekir joyfully leaped from the stone, and clasping his brothers in his arms, knocked loudly at the door. A servant opened the door, who, seeing three men of their strange appearance, uttered a loud scream. Selim advanced, and found himself encircled in the warm embraces of his long-lost brothers. He was at first astonished, but soon recognized Bekir, Mesrou, and Omir, returned their embraces, and presented them to Amina, his children, and the little old man, who still remained at table; he then brought them three suits of his own clothes, to replace their tattered rags.

"Alas!" said the affected Bekir, "your fate recompences us for all we have suffered; since the instant of our separation, our lives have been a continued chain of misfortunes, and we have not even caught a glimpse of that Bathmendi.

"I readily believe you, said the little old man, for I have not stirred from hence."

"What!" cried Mesrou, "you are."

"I am Bathmendi," rejoined he, "It is perfectly natural you should not know me, since you never before beheld me; but ask Selim, ask the good Amina, and all these little children; there is not one but can lip my name. I have li-

ved here fifteen years, and in that time have only left my friends one day, and that was the one on which Amina lost her father ; but I returned, and have promised myself never to withdraw again. It depends upon you, gentlemen adventurers, to make my acquaintance, if it pleases you I shall be very glad ; if you do not care, I can do without you. I am not troublesome ; I remain in my corner, never dispute, and detest noise."

The three brothers, who, during this speech, had been gazing on him with admiration, now wished to embrace. "Softly," cried he, "I do not like these violent emotions. I am extremely delicate, and pressing stifles me. We must also be friends before we caress. If you wish to become mine, you must not trouble yourselves too much about me. I prefer ease to politeness, and all that is not moderate, is my aversion." Saying these words, he arose, kissed each of the children, bowed to the brothers, and smiling at Selim and Amina, left the room. Selim ordered beds to be prepared for his brothers, and resumed his seat at the table ; after having heartily supped, they all retired to rest.

The next morning Selim shewed them his fields, his flocks, and his oxen, and described all the pleasures he enjoyed. Bekir resolved to till the ground immediately, and he soon became the friend of Bathmendi ; Mesrou, who

had been first minister, turned first shepherd of the farm ; the poet took upon him the charge of going to town to sell the corn, wool, and milk, which was sent to market ; his eloquence attracted custom, and he was as useful as the rest. At the end of six months, Bathmendi was perfectly pleased with them, and their days gently glided on in the bosom of happiness.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

PRIDE is one of the most powerful passions in our nature ; it discloses itself in childhood, and is extinguished by no length of age. Pride arises from a real or imaginary conviction of superior excellence, and as there are few but who believe themselves possessed of some species of superiority, it is almost universal. Passion, which has renounced subjection to reason, cannot but be a source of infelicity : he who ridiculously supposes himself distinguished by pre-eminence, will exact the homage due to real merit, and those who are not able to discover the justness of his claims, will withhold their reverence, or regard him with scorn. Thus is pride the spring of continual mortification, and the procurer of innumerable insults ; it fills our paths with difficulty, obstruction, and opposition : it excites open defiance from the bold,

and secret malignity from the timorous.

One of the most common distinctions by which men think themselves entitled to honor, is that of descent from illustrious ancestors; the eminence of their parents for mental greatness or virtuous conduct, they seem to consider as conferring indubitable nobility on themselves, and fairly entitling them to the veneration of mankind. These do not seem sufficiently to consider that merit is in its nature intransferable, that none can without extreme absurdity assume the praise of that which he has never done, and that no super-abundance of virtue in another can absolve from the necessity of personal endeavours after excellence. Men indeed have ever regarded with reverence the descendants of illustrious persons, but this has always proceeded from the presumption that they have imparted some portion of their ability and disposition to their posterity, and from the expectation that it would be employed in the perpetuation of their fame. He who from the worth of his parents imagines he can innocently slumber in inactivity, or perpetrate wickedness, deserves nothing but universal contempt and unmingled reprobation, inasmuch as he has rejected superior advantages, powerful stimulations, and flattering excitements to the attainment of fame.

Riches are a source of pride :

whoever is in possession of treasures has it in his power to distribute felicity to many ; he can exhilarate with plenty the abodes of poverty, give to the laborious support, and to the unfortunate assistance ! They are the means by which are procured most of the enjoyments of life, and he who has the dispensation of so many enjoyments, may be secure at least of external reverence ; but the possession or acquisition of wealth does not imply the possession of splendid talents, or unsullied virtue ; it may be inherited immediately from another, or it may be amassed by the exertion of common prudence, and of persevering labour ; it not unfrequently happens that they who are the least liberal become the most rich—that they who practise dishonourable acts of traffic, are the most prosperous ; while others who despise uncharitableness, and are above dissimulation, sometimes toil painfully in vain. Riches are therefore entirely extrinsic and adventitious, and will confer distinction or infamy, as their employment is good or bad.

The sons of fortune lie under temptations to pride, from which others are exempt, such will always be surrounded with parasites, who will spare no extravagance of adulation, or hyperboles of praise, that they may be admitted to a participation of their joys. Self-love is in all sufficiently strong, but when its delusions are supported

by interested and mercenary sophists, they are not resistible but by a vigilance of caution, and sternness of rectitude, of which there are but few examples.

Of all the species of pride, that which arises from mental superiority, may be supposed the most reasonable, because it proceeds from the consciousness of a possession strictly personal and intrinsic, one which is incomparably more valuable than any material treasure, which assimilates us to angels, and which in the virtuous, will continue in interminable progress, from one degree of exaltation to another, a possession which is secure from the loss of accident, the destruction of violence, and the ravage of time.

It is common to observe in authors who have made themselves known to the world by the publication of a book, how impatiently they hear the strictures of criticism, with what deep solicitude they listen to any detection of faults, or exposure of error, and how reluctantly they make an acknowledgement of imperfection, when it is too obvious to be defended, and too gross to be extenuated. In whatever company an author enters, he expects all will sit in silence and eagerness to catch his wisdom and his wit; he expects his positions will not be questioned, his reasonings controverted, or his conclusions doubted; but he soon discovers that those who have

ever been in the midst of active life are not always deficient in the arts of disputation, that if they are less profound than himself, can, however, often embarrass him with difficulty which he cannot clear, and obscurity which he cannot elucidate. He will also find that to the generality of people, the events of common life are more interesting than the speculations of learning, that they are averse to conversation on subjects for which they have no taste, and from which they can receive no pleasure. The scholar therefore they may regard with respect, but not with affection; he imposes upon their understanding the toil of severe attention, and his presence enshackles them with restraint; they turn from him to more familiar associates, and he leaves their company in disgust of their folly, and in contempt of their ignorance.

The female of personal beauty considers herself as having a large share of human felicity at her disposal! She is soon enveloped with a host of admirers, who will not fail to entertain her with the consciousness of flattery; they will strive to infuse into her an opinion that her beauty is the least of all her merit, that her mind is filled with supernal light, and her heart with seraphic virtue. At public assemblies she is enthroned with a crowd of suitors, who solicit her with all the ardour of love, and treat her with all the obsequiousness of servility; who are transport-

ed into bliss at her smiles, or dejected into misery at her frowns. But should this angelic nature meet with accidental deformity, or distortion by disease, her suitors desert her, she is left unnoticed at assemblies where she formerly attracted the attention of every eye, and the applause of every tongue, and sustains a general privation of whatever had gladdened her heart.

Passions are an eminently useful part of our nature, and when their indulgence is held within proper limitations, constitute a great part of earthly happiness. Without the reciprocations of love and friendship, the earth would be a solitude, notwithstanding the millions which people it. Pride is almost always illaudable or criminal, for as it proceeds from an immoderate estimation of our own desert, it treats with superciliousness the desert of others. Its proper correctives are reason and religion. He who upon sober reflection shall form a rational opinion of his own character, for the worth that he possesses may properly expect the praise of his fellow-men; but if it is denied him, let him repress discontent, and remain satisfied with the approbation of one whose favour is of more value than the plaudits of any terrestrial intelligence.

SYLVANUS SOMBRE.

New-York, S. pt. 6, 1803.

It is the summit of humility, to bear the imputation of pride.

AN OCCASIONAL LETTER,

ON

Indifference in Religion.

WHATEVER absurdities may arise from the fancied ardors of enthusiasm, they are much less pernicious to the mind than the contrary extreme of coldness and indifference in religion. The spirit of chivalry, though it led to many romantic enterprizes, was nevertheless favourable to true courage, as it excited and nourished magnanimity, and contempt of danger; which, though sometimes wasted in absurd undertakings, were of the greatest use on real and proper occasions. The noblest energies of which we are capable, can scarcely be called out without some degree of enthusiasm, in whatever cause we are engaged; and those sentiments, which tend to the exaltation of human nature, though they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will, however, prevent our stopping short of them, and losing, by careless indolence and self-desertion, the greatest part of that strength with which we really are endued.

How common is it for those who profess (and perhaps sincerely) to believe with entire persuasion the truth of the Gospel, to declare that they do not pretend to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts! "I hope," say they, "I am guilty of no great crimes; but the customs of the

world in these times will not admit of a conduct agreeable either to reason or revelation. I know the course of life I am in is wrong ; I know that I am engrossed by the world—that I have no time for reflection, nor for the practice of many duties which I acknowledge to be such. But I know not how it is—I do not find that I can alter my manner of living.”—Thus they coolly and contentedly give themselves up to a constant course of dissipation, and a general worthlessness of character, which, I fear, is as little favourable to their happiness here or hereafter, as the occasional commission of crimes at which they would start and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is most valuable and important, of children, friends, servants—of neighbours and dependents—of the poor—of God—and of their own minds, they consider as an excusable levity, and satisfy themselves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of fashion was to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this style :—“ I can’t, you know, be out of the world, nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—consequently I rise late.—I have scarce breakfasted before morning visits begin—or it is time to go to an auction, or a concert—or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation, but one

can’t appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera ; though I own it hurries one to death. Then, what with necessary visits—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on the public assemblies, to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings, you see, are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties ?—You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendship—alas ! I have no hours left for friends ! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet, but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess, and proper masters—I can do no more for them. You tell me I should instruct my servants, but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of that sort for them, or even be able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants attend me ; and, if they will not mind what the preacher says, how can I help it ? The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and house-keeper ; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour

just to look over the bill of fare, when I am to have company, that they may not send up any thing frightful, or old fashioned. As to the Christian duty of charity, I assure you I am not ill-natured; and (considering that the great expence of being always dressed for company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispose of) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say I should enquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the best method of relieving the unfortunate, and assisting the industrious. But this supposes much more time, and much more money, than I have to bestow. I have had hopes, indeed, that my summers would have afforded me more leisure; but we stay pretty late in town; then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking places, where every moment is spent in public; and, for the few months in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full, with a succession of company, to whose amusement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day.

(To be Concluded next week.)

Who makes too much or too little of himself, has a false measure for every thing.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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Anecdote of Lord Kaimes.

THE character of Lord Kaimes is not so generally known, as for many reasons it ought to be. He was one of those enemies of our religion, who are more dangerous to the inexperienced, as being the more insidious. From the eminent authority to which I owe the following anecdote, I do not hesitate to stake my credit upon its veracity; and if called upon, I shall not be unwilling to stand forth to support it. It has been omitted in every biography of Hume;—it is one, indeed, which persons of the class of Scotch biographers, were not very likely either to know, or, when speaking of Scotchmen, to relate.—Monboddo, Robertson, Dr. Berkely, prebendary of Canterbury, and some other men of eminence, had passed the prior part of the day at the house of Lord Kaimes, and were preparing to take their leave, when their entertainer was hastily summoned from the room. He did not return till after some time, when he entered the apartment with looks of the greatest dismay, followed by his daughter, Mrs. ——. This young lady had been married to a Mr. —, a gentleman of large estate; but had so

far forgotten what she owed to her situation, that her husband had, at length, discovered her infidelity, and sent her home to her father. It was to receive her, that the atheist had been summoned from the room. The young lady, as we have mentioned, entered the apartment with him; and, in presence of the company, thus addressed him:—Nay, sir, you have, of all men in the world, the least justice for accusing me; for my errors are only the unhappy fruit of your own. Yes, sir, I accuse you, in the presence of this company, of having been the cause of my crime, and consequent misery. It was from you I learned that I had nothing to dread from any future account. I loved my husband, but in his long absence, became momentarily attached to another. The restraints of religion were removed by your care in my education. I had nothing, therefore, to dread, but the consequence of detection. The absence of Mr. ———, put me at ease upon that head—he returned unexpectedly.....”

THE following instance of public indignation against the *indecent* of the fashion, occurred some time ago at Drury-Lane Theatre: A young lady was sitting in the side-boxes, dressed in *haut ton*;—a sudden hiss began among the audience; the actors were astonished, as they could not discover the cause. The hissing subsided, and the play proceeded;—but pre-

sently the hissing burst out again with increased violence, and Barrymore was coming to ask what offended the audience; every eye, however, was, by this time, turned toward the nymph with the *naked shoulder*; and it immediately struck her mother what was the object of displeasure.—She threw a shawl over the offending beauty, and a general peal of applause followed. The young lady then sat the performance out, with that easy composure which but too much distinguishes fashionable folly. Is it possible that we are arrived at this woeful state of degeneracy!—when the audience of a *theatre* feel themselves obliged to express their abhorrence of a dereliction of the most amiable of female virtues?

None fight with true spirit who are overloaded with cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards, was applied to act as a second in a duel, at a period when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals. “I am not (said he) the man for your purpose, just at present; but go and apply to him from whom I won a thousand guineas last night, and I warrant you he will fight like any devil.”

The famous punster and *bon vivant*, Geo. A. Stevens, owing a friend some money, invited him to dine with him, and plied him so plentifully with good Madeira, that his creditor gave up his note, and forgave him the debt. Stevens

calls this his new method of *LIQUIDATING debts*.

ON THE BENEFITS OF EXERCISE.

Exercise encreaseth strength

AS man is a compound of soul and body, he is under an obligation of a double scheme of duty; and as labor and exercise conduce to the health of the body, so does study and contemplation to that of the mind; for study strengthens the mind, as exercise does the body. The labour of the body frees us from the pains of the mind, and this it is which makes the poor happy. The mind, like the body, grows tired by being too long in one posture. The end of diversion is to unbend the soul, deceive the cares, sweeten the toils, and smooth the ruggedness of life.

As the body is maintained by repletion and evacuation, so is the mind by employment and relaxation. Difficulty strengthens the mind, as labor does the body. Life and happiness consist in action and employments. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigour of youth, neither can, or ought to be at rest. If they debar themselves from a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion or pursuit. As the sweetest rose grows upon the sharpest prickles, so the hardest labor brings forth the sweetest profits. The end of labour is rest; what brightness is to rust, labour

is to idleness; idleness is the rust of the mind, and the inlet to all misfortunes. Diligence is the mother of virtue.

When it is known, says Plato, how exercise produces digestion, and promotes health, comeliness, and strength, there will be no occasion to enjoin the use of such exercise by a law; or to enforce an attention to it on the candidates for health, vigour, and personal charms.

DISSIMULATION AND SINCERITY.

Dissimulation in youth, is the fore-runner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth.

In all your proceedings be direct and consistent. Sincerity and candour possess the most powerful charms; they bespeak universal favor, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze.

The tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slanderer; and the gilded scales of a rattlesnake, less dreadful than the purse of the oppressor.

EPIGRAMS.

WHEN next you're in print, Ned, for
money or fame,
Be advis'd by a friend—let the work
want your name ;
For whoever on that should unluckily
look,
And remembers the last, will ne'er open
the book.

“NAV, pr'ythee, dear Thomas, ne'er
rave thus, and curse ;
Remember, you took me for better, for
worse !”—
“I know it,” quoth Thomas ; “but
then, madam, look you,
You prove, on the trial, much worse
than I took you.”

THOUGHTS ON A ROSE.

HAIL, beauteous flower ! whose crim-
son hue
Delights the eye, enchants the view,
Whose fragrance charms the smell ;
How blest the man, whose tender care
'S employ'd such lovely plants to rear,
Who near such beauties dwell !

But know, my lovely rose, that thou
A savage doom wilt undergo ;
That sun which makes thee gay,
Behind some cloud may hide its head.
Thy beauteous hue and leaves may fade,
And thou neglected lay.

Or should the adverse blast delay
To come, yet still old age, decay,
Apace comes hastening on ;
Thy juices dried, thy vigour past,
The softest shower, or slightest blast,
Will bring thee to thy doom.

Attend LAVINIA : thou may'st see
An emblem in this rose of thee ;
Thy attributes delight ;
Thy blandishments the heart can warm,

Thy rosy cheeks the eye can charm,
And please the enraptured sight.

Those souls are blest, who near thee
dwell,
Who enjoy thy friendship, hear thee
tell
Thy lively repartee ;
Thy virtues can our grief dispel ;
'Tis *only* when we say *farewell*,
We feel a pang with thee.

But adverse gales through life may
blow,
Joy may give place to chilling woe,
And tears thy cheeks bedew ;
Or should'st thou 'scape such ills as
these,
Old age thy limbs ere long will seize,
And lay thy beauties low.

But why, *Lavinia*, dost thou start ?
This fact I own, *might* rend thy heart,
Had'st thou no further hope :
But see, *religion* stepping in,
Can even gild this dismal scene,
And keep thy spirits up.

She shows, *Lavinia*, christians have
A solid joy beyond the grave ;
Thus when their frames decay,
With joy they yield their mortal breath,
Convinc'd when past the night of death,
Theirs is—ETERNAL DAY !

EARLY RISING.

HOW sweet to rise when Morn's re-
fulgent hand,
Waves o'er the bright'ning sky her ma-
gic wand !
How sweet to rise, with manly temper-
ance strong,
And hear the lark begin his quaver'd
song !
To view creation smiling as she glows
And see fresh nature waken from re-
pose.

Boast ye, ye sons of opulence and power,
 Boast ye 'mid all your treasures such an hour!
 Can palsied sloth desert her downy nest,
 Or panting asthma lift the unwieldy breast!
 Does nightly revel spring to hail the sky,
 Or riot wake with animation's eye.

And when evening's "gradual dusky vale,"
 Buys its dark texture on the softened gale,
 How lov'd yon arbour, where the honied flowers
 Bloom on the air, and scent the floating hours!
 There when bright Titan sinks behind the hill,
 And his last colors paint the village rill,
 How joys the eye, attentive to the skies,
 To step down slowly, as he slowly dies:
 While streams of splendor roll along the west,
 And mark the limits of his purple vest;
 So sinks the man whose conscience heaven approves,
 Whom angels venerate, and virtue loves;
 Lamenting honour weeps upon his hearse,
 And carves in gold the monumental verse;
 While glory beams on death's retiring gloom,
 And with refulgent splendour crowns his tomb.

In the enigmatical list of gentlemen of the bar, published last week, the following mistakes occurred:—No. 5, for four sixths—read four fifths.—7, a revival from death, omitting a letter.—16, for a tumor, read—three sixths of a tumor.—20, a hard mineral, omitting a letter.

A solution is requested.

Persons desirous of obtaining the 7th volume of this miscellany, will please to apply soon, as not more than twenty copies of the number printed, remain unsubscribed for.

Our friends will please to attribute the delay in the delivery of our last number, to the ill health of the person who carries the paper.

Our city Inspector reports the death of 44 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

MARRIED,

On the 30th ult. at White Plains, by the rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Thomas Barker, to Miss Hannah Gue, both of that place.

On the 23d ult. at Charleston, S. C. by the rev. Mr. Munds, Mr. Clinton Cregier, to Mrs. Elizabeth Wyatt, both of this city.

On Monday, in this city, Col. Davis, to the widow Beedle, of Staten-Island.

DIED,

On Sunday morning, Mr. Charles M'Evers, aged 69.

On Friday evening, Miss Anne D. Lispenard, eldest daughter of Leonard Lispenard, Esq. aged 17.

THIS Miscellany is published in half-yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

TERMS.

To city residents who subscribe for one year, one dollar in advance—and the remainder at the close of the term.

Persons who reside out of the city, to pay in advance for the volume, or volumes, for which they subscribe.

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.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

To an absent Husband, written in
the year 1797.

High are the mountains, and the wa-
ters wide

That part my love and me,
But tho' barriers should rise on every
side,

And seas and mountains should our
hearts divide,
My soul still dwells with thee.

Loud blows the wind across the trou-
bled deep,

And with my sighs agree,
Yet while I mourn, and at thine absence
weep,

And view thee only in my troubled sleep,
My soul still dwells with thee.

Ah, then return, my love, to these fond
arms,

And let me live to see
Those radiant eyes, in which a thousand
charms

Chace every care that now my soul
alarms,

That soul that dwells with thee.

Nor seas nor mountains shall divide a-
gain

This heart, once press'd to thee ;
With thee, my Henry, o'er the moun-
tain-main,

I'd laugh at danger, and defy all pain
But that of losing thee.

Julia Francesca.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

THE tender mother see surrounded
By her children-blithe and gay !
Her heart with love and joy unbounded
Leaps as they about her play
While one with fondness she caresses,
Her gentle hand his little brother
Softly to her bosom presses,
And her knee supports another.
See him climb :—her arms extended
Gives the feeble urchin aid ;
While her outstretch'd foot suspended
For his sisters seat is made
In their looks and fond embraces,
In their kisses and their sighs,
Their thousand little wants she traces,
And with care them all supplies.
All at once they 'round her prattle,
She in silence all the while,
Their half form'd words and noisy rattle
Answers with a tender smile.
If she attempt to change her manner,
And would severity display,
Her eyes when most expressing anger
Still the Mother's love betray.
So the providence of heaven
Watches o'er the human race ;
From love divine to man are given
Treasures of unbounded grace.
The great, the rulers of the ball ;
The peasant in his humble cot ;
It, " kindly bounteous hears them all,"
And cheers the high or lowly lot.
Its constant goodness ever sure
Distributes to all nature joys ;
Impartial deals out blessings pure,
And fond paternal care employs.
Oh ! then let man no more accuse
Heaven of rigour or neglect,
If sometimes it a boon refuse
Which most his wishes may affect.
'Tis but to nurse thy languid zeal,
To raise thy falling faith on high,
That disappointment thou must feel,
And long delays thy patience try ;
Or, rather, *thus* does love supreme
Its wisdom most conspicuous show ;
And to refuse thee tho' it seem,
A favour even then bestow.